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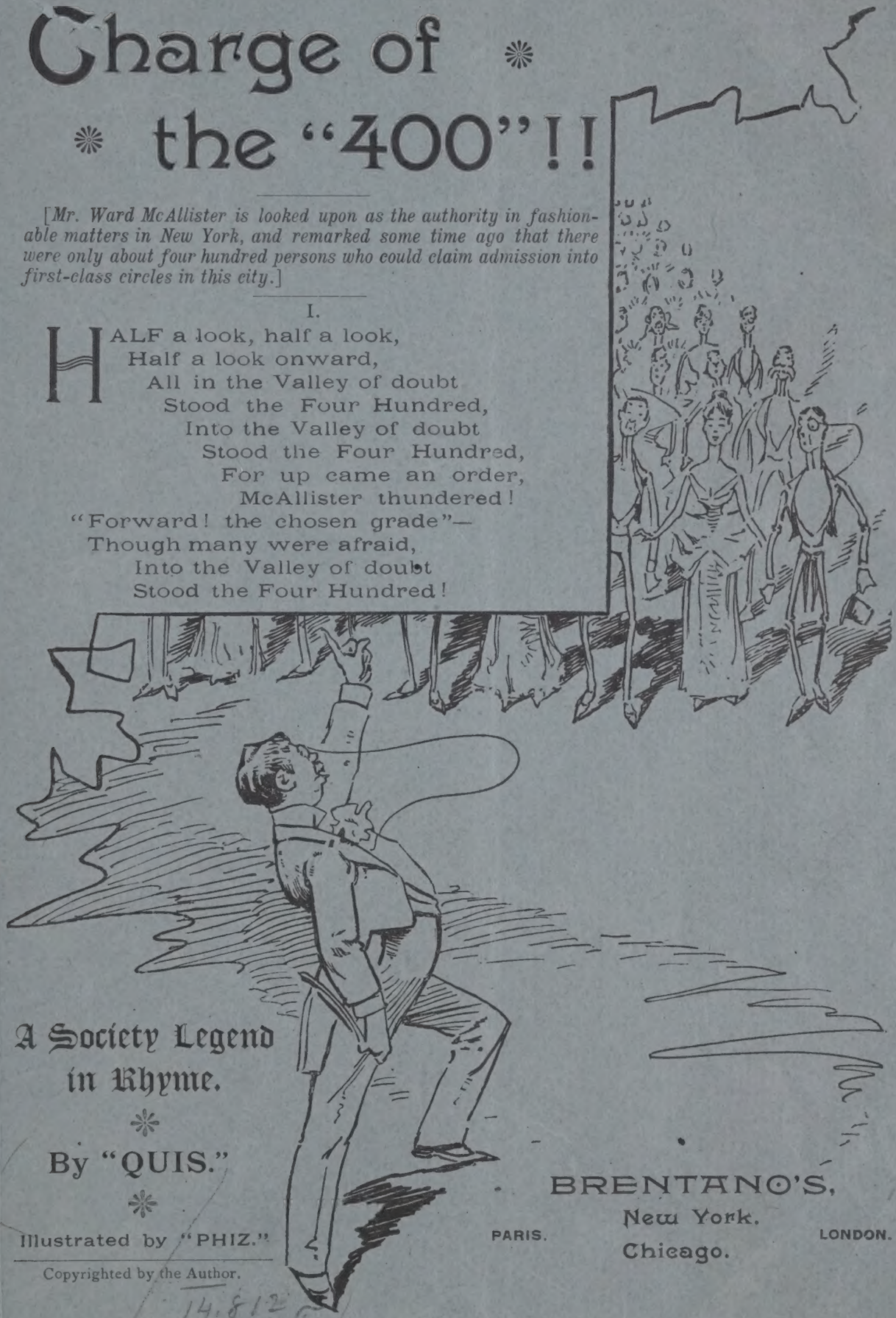
Charge of ❋ ❋ the "400"!!

[Mr. Ward McAllister is looked upon as the authority in fashionable matters in New York, and remarked some time ago that there were only about four hundred persons who could claim admission into first-class circles in this city.]

I.

HALF a look, half a look,
Half a look onward,
All in the Valley of doubt
Stood the Four Hundred,
Into the Valley of doubt
Stood the Four Hundred,
For up came an order,
McAllister thundered!
"Forward! the chosen grade"—
Though many were afraid,
Into the Valley of doubt
Stood the Four Hundred!



A Society Legend in Rhyme.

❋

By "QUIS."

❋

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

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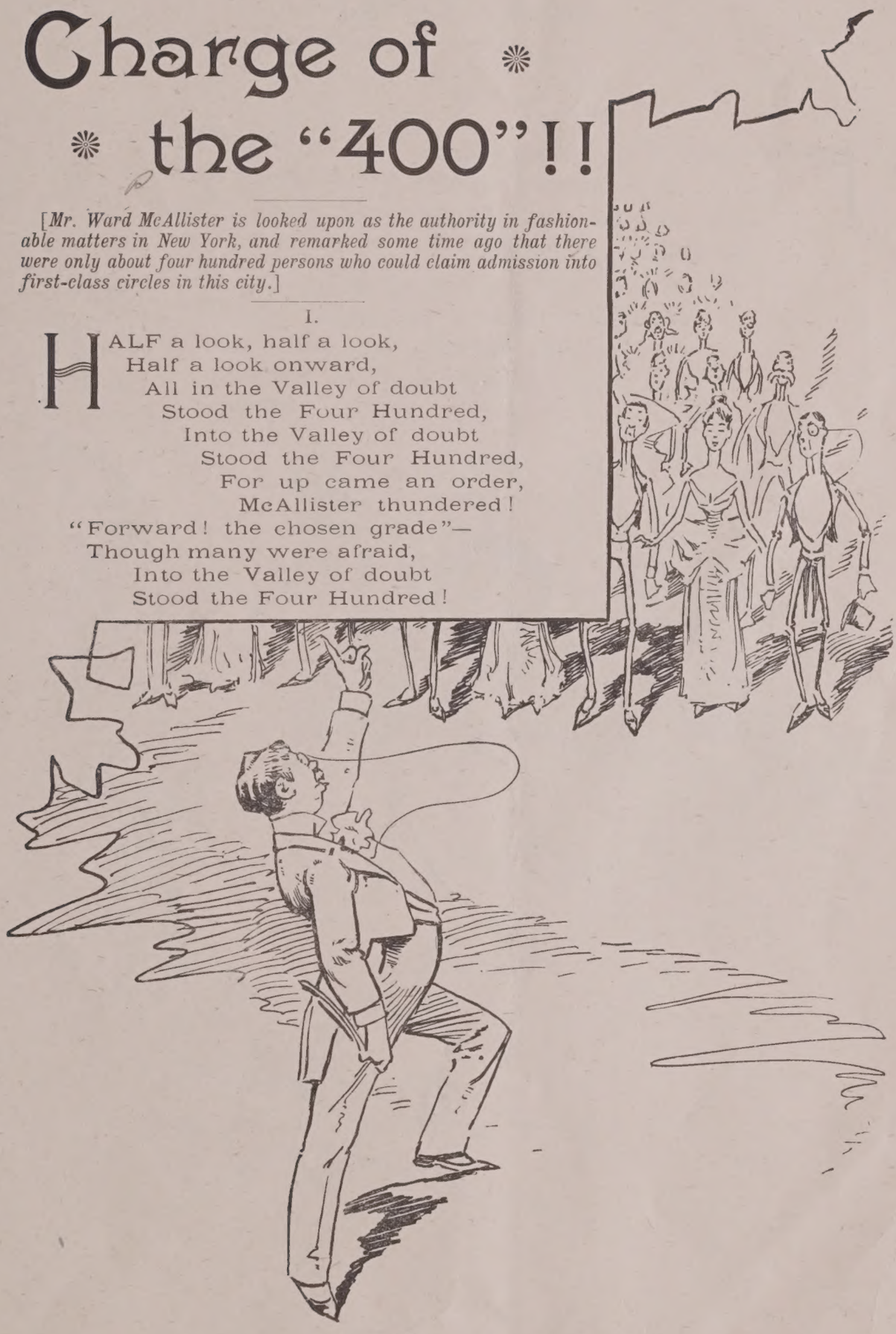
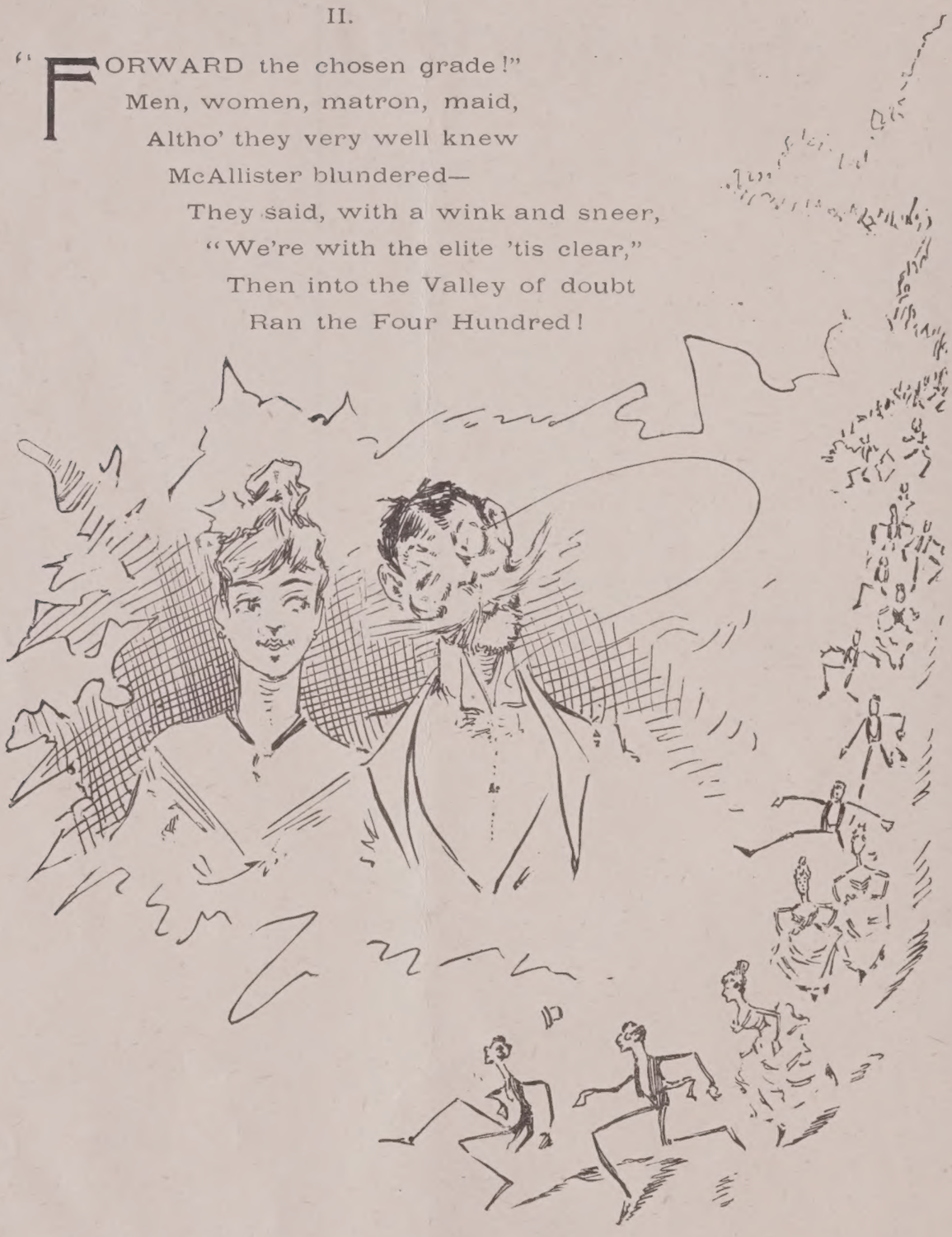


By "Luis." ps. Stephen Massett.

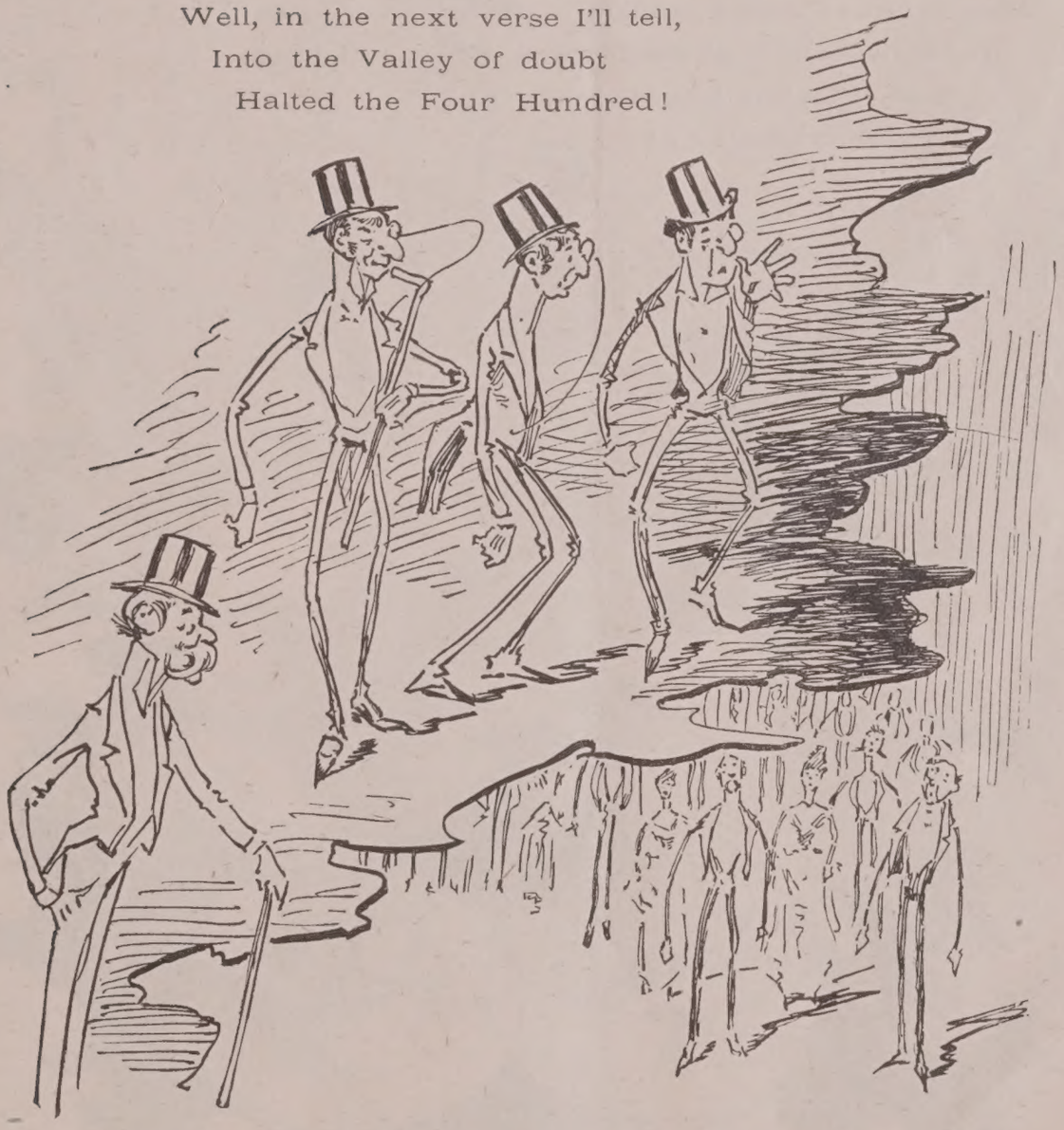
II.

"FORWARD the chosen grade!"
Men, women, matron, maid,
Altho' they very well knew
McAllister blundered—
They said, with a wink and sneer,
"We're with the elite 'tis clear,"
Then into the Valley of doubt
Ran the Four Hundred!



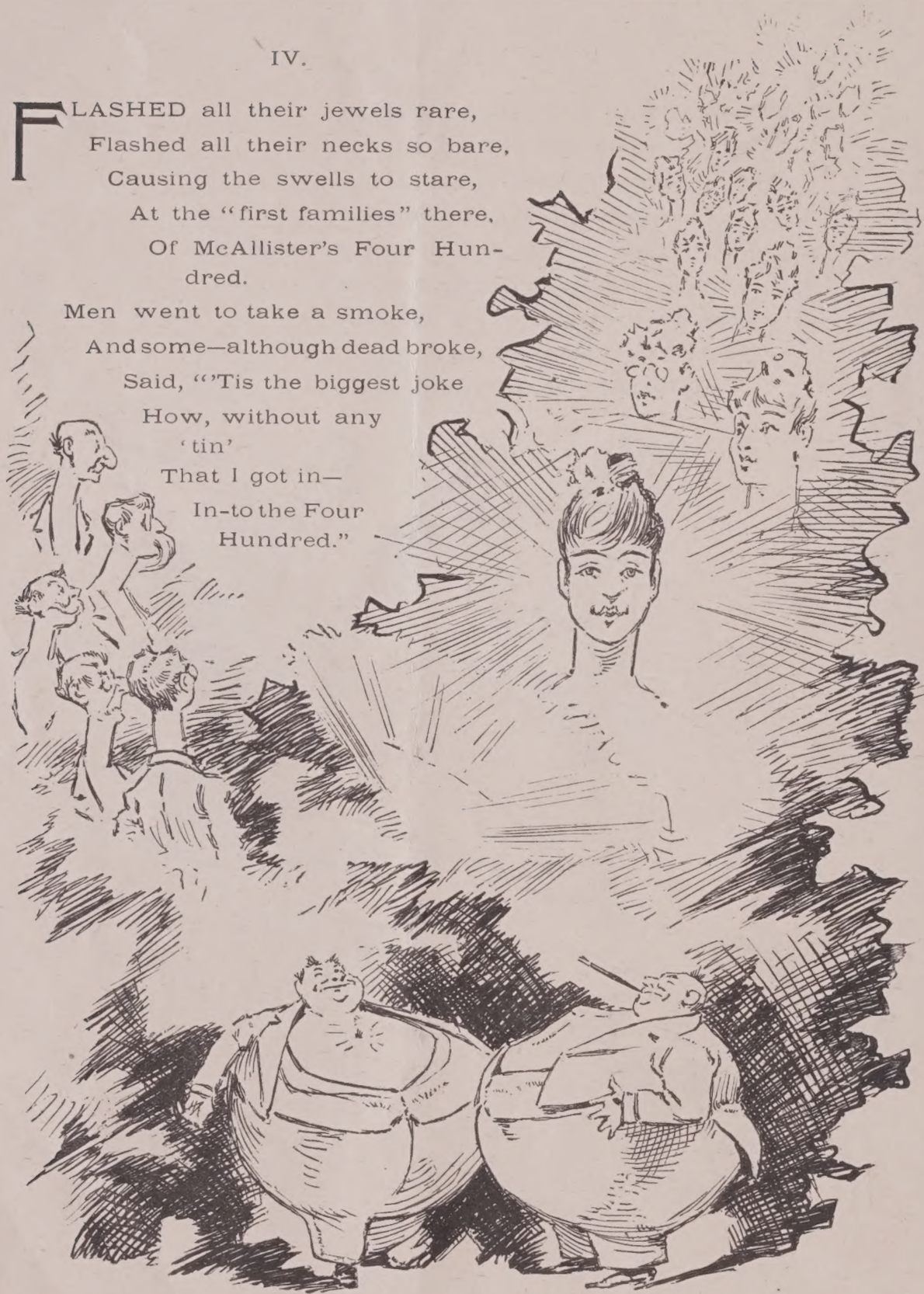
III.

SNOBS to the right of them,
Snobs to the left of them,
Snobs right behind them,
Clamor'd and thundered!
Jeered at, and stared at well,
Some wishing themselves in——
Well, in the next verse I'll tell,
Into the Valley of doubt
Halted the Four Hundred!



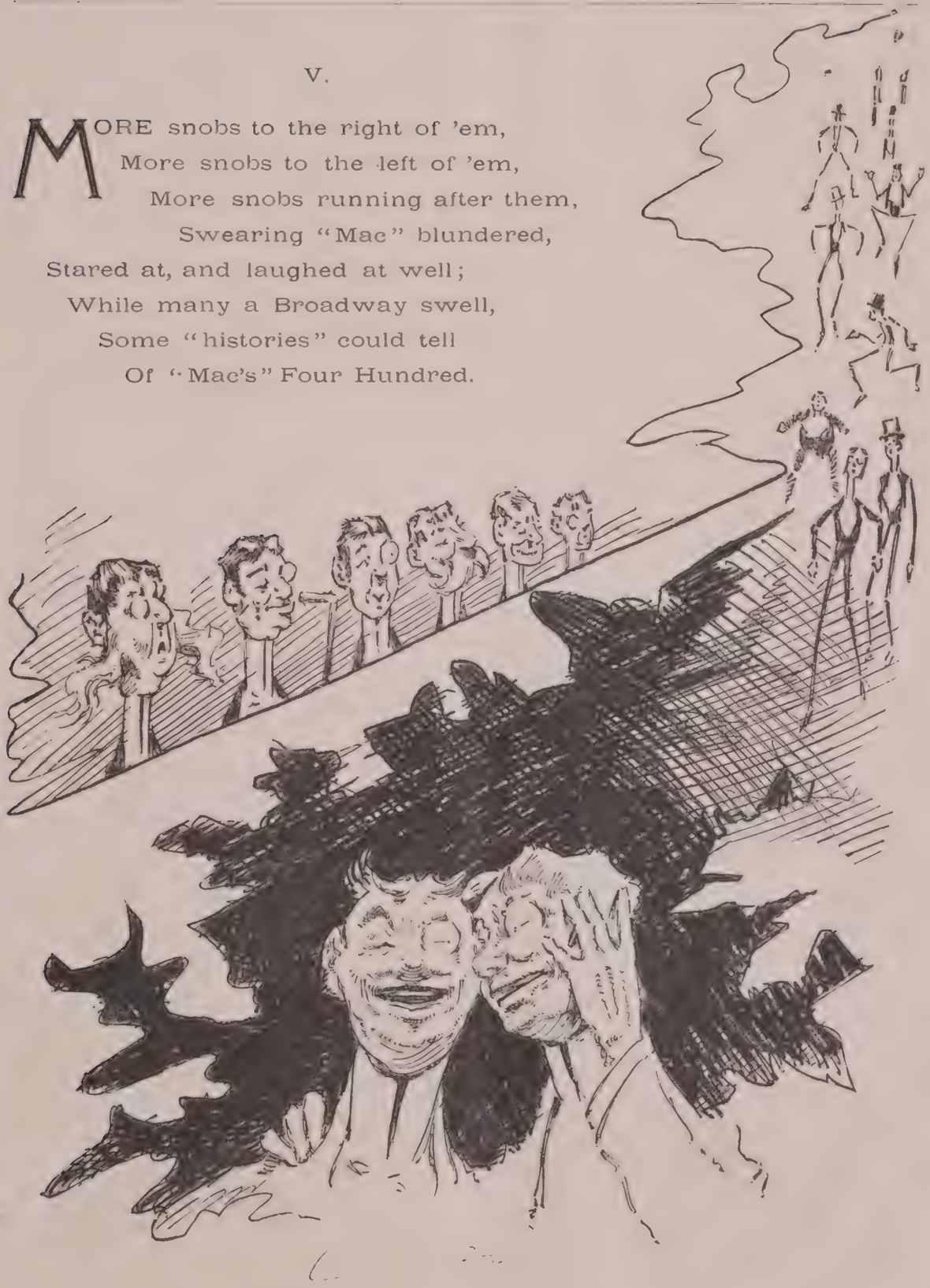
IV.

FLASHED all their jewels rare,
Flashed all their necks so bare,
Causing the swells to stare,
At the "first families" there,
Of McAllister's Four Hundred.
Men went to take a smoke,
And some—although dead broke,
Said, "'Tis the biggest joke
How, without any 'tin'
That I got in—
In-to the Four Hundred."



V.

MORE snobs to the right of 'em,
More snobs to the left of 'em,
More snobs running after them,
Swearing "Mac" blundered,
Stared at, and laughed at well;
While many a Broadway swell,
Some "histories" could tell
Of "Mac's" Four Hundred.



VI.

WHEN can "Mac's" glory fade?
He, whom this charmed grade made
All New York wondered!
Honor—this noble set
So difficult to get
Into—"you bet"
Noble—Four Hundred.

Quis.

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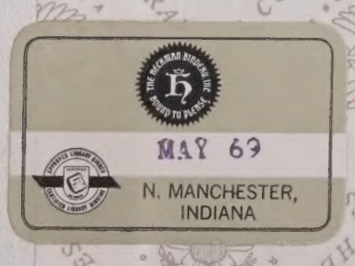

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